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Literary.

The Art of Preaching.

The habit of repeating a discourse from memory is sometimes, though very seldom successful. It is a sure stiffness is one usual consequence, but by no means the worst. The best feelings of the heart are the impulses of the moment, but these are suppressed; there is no gush of sentiment allowed, because this would lead the mind away from the stereotyped manuscript prepared to be memorized, and the road, once lost, might be found with great difficulty. But passion is necessary to true eloquence; can no more exist without deep and genuine feeling, than poetry without genius. Repetition

by the agitation of the sou-
audience, by strong conc-

up at the land. To reduce this feeling of being cut off from the land, the *linguistic formula*, would cause it to evaporate, the perceptions of strong passion cannot be written, any more than the fire of the sun can be corked up in a jar. Extemporaneous oratory, which is always the most aff. never destroys reason in a real orator nor reasons so well as when the constraints of the great deep within are broken up, perception, logical coherence, rapid combination of thought, the rich and exuberant creation of metaphor and imagery—all follow this impulse. The finest orators are sometimes dull in their ordinary moods, and stammer and fumble till the fire begins to kindle. This was the case with Charles Sumner. The unimpaired listener would have thought

half hour of his speech, I
break down. But as pass

vers of his soul, which seemed to hang tinging out like the sails of a vessel in a calm, gradually filled, expanded, and then, like a galleant ship in sail, poured the sea in mighty majesty. I perceived a kindles passion; and there can neither be true ardours nor true bracers without it. Then, as motion cannot be put upon paper, and become matter of memory, those who rehearse their sermons must be destitute of it. They, indeed, sometimes can, lift up their eyes, throw out their arms, stamp the foot, and affect the tones of deep emotion; but it is all sham; and, if we could examine the manuscript of the oration, we should find it jotted down; as related of a good parson of a school, who had written on the margin of a sermon certain exclaims, "*Woe here!*" There is, more

n; but imagination is esse

We have, indeed, heard men of greater worth but little fancy; but, though powerful speakers, they can hardly be considered eloquent, unless the soul can be brought into a state of great excitement in the study—which is said to have been the case with Dr. Chalmers, who, with the most fervent and ardent spirit, and his neck bare, was accustomed to write himself into a froth of inspiration—unless this can be accomplished, there

A Remarkable Story.

One night while Sir Evan Napier was under study to the home department, he felt the most comfortable wakefulness that could be imagined; as in perfect health, had dined early, and had been engaged on his mind to keep him awake.

closed an eye. At length

struggle, and as the daylight was breaking, (as summer,) he determined to try what would be the effect of a walk in the park. There was a great number of the sleepy sentinels. But in this walk, he was to pass the home office several times, and he was to let himself in with his key, though at any time he might be asked the book of end of the day before still on the table, and his listlessness, he opened it. The first thing that he saw was a paper which was written to "a wretched man: "A reprieve to the man who was to be executed for the crime of murder for the others ordered for execution." He was then had appointed for the next day. It was him that he had received no return to him to send the reprieve. He searched the "minutes" he could not find it there. In alarm, he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in a street; knocked him up—it was just

d him if he knew any thing sent. In great alarm,

could not remember. "You are scarcely
old," said Sir Evan; "recollect yourself—it must
be so." The chief clerk said that he now re-
collected, he had sent it to the clerk of the Crown
Court, and he was to forward it to York.—
"And," said Sir Evan; "but have you his receipt
or certificate that it is gone?" "No." "Then
with me to his house; we must find him, it is
his duty."—

It was now four, and the Clerk of the Crown
Court in Chancery lane. There was no luck-
iness to be seen, and they almost ran. They
were time. The Clerk of the Crown had a coun-
sellor, and meaning to have a long holiday, he
that moment stepping into his gig to go to
his house. Assembled at the visit of the under sec-

"Heavens!" cried he.

locked upon my desk!" It was brought forward to the post office for the trustee's express. The reliever reached York City at morning, just at the moment when the pay men were ascending the cart.

in the higher realm—

...where's that in our gladness and in our sorrow
we're in-congruous—appropriate. Appropriate
to search, as expressive of its parent and most
of all, to the looking, to the looking with
commence of prayer. Appropriate in the joy
and crowning with prophecy the forehead
of the dead. They give completeness to the as-
sumption of childhood, and are appropriate even
to the old of age, strangely as their freshness con-
trasts with wrinkles and gray hairs; for still they
are suggestive, they are symbolical of the soul's
eternal youth, the inward blossom of immor-
tal the amaranth crown. In their presence

body shall go forth as

YE WHEN THE BIRDS SING.—Prof. Caldwell of Dickinson College, a short time before his death, said to his wife: "You will not I am sure, lie down sorrowed and weep when I am gone. And you visit the spot where I lie, do not choose a cold and mournful time; do not go in the shades of evening or in the dark of night. These are no times to visit the grave of one who hopes and trusts in our Redeemer. Come, dear wife, in the bright day, and when the birds are singing!"